

GAGAKU

demons tip tophats
tophats both white & black now
grey
now pink
now gold

they could change color all day long
birds sing outside as I
write this morning
I now hear them chirping
almost frantically

gagaku musicians play on the
phonograph

demons now gulp down
their tophats
as they swallow a new
one appears on their
heads
and they repeat the
meal

I have mastered the art of staying away
from all poetry readings
all poets
and except on quite rare occasions
all bookstores

I go to the library
often

demons give me a slanted eye
a kind of leer

now they wink at me
I see angels too

flying around like honeybees

STEVE RICHMOND'S

for jim callahan